

Kathy Fretwell / THREE POEMS FLASH UP IN DRYDOCK

Weighed by failures I depart
this flimsy course and enter

a shoreline paralleling the fogged horizon.
Gulls catcall, a child's fiery ball
slides between crayoned sky and water.

Particles sneeze silver dust on the horizon
flexing into an elastic band
I pull and snap at will.

A primitive vessel
I'm a spy in nature's house.

The seascape is stoked crimson,
even gulls blush, chattering beach bums

hushing to my gull commands, I find
poetry in their calligraphic tracks.

Sunset suspended, navy hovering,
this eggshell-blue seam splits —
I sail out, full tilt.

HIATUS

Anemic blue, summer beaches
under a white yawn.

Clouds urinate
on maple flame.

Frosted and cross-
legged, I ache

for spring's extroverted twitch:
the horizon hums, a party line.

For luck I toss salt over
my shoulder and butterfly through cobalt.

THE LEAP

Doubts twist the aerial view,
I'm dizzy chasing these altitudes.
Ill-wind scorches today
with tomorrow's chimera, yesterday's crash.

Success to success is not easy,
not like a crow's flight where I'd forget
each updraft's lit moment.

I blowdried feathers so often
I've stopped
testing waves for flotsam,
clouds for hidden mountains.

Lowering gold-tipped on wavelets
the sun is best viewed
from below with Daedelus's faith.